

It's A Shame about Ray

My Vitriol

I've never been too good with names
The cellar door was open, I could never stay away
I know it's prob'ly not my place
It's either or, I'm hoping for a simple way to say

It's a shame about Ray
In the stone, under the dust,
his name is still engraved
Some things need to go away
It's a shame about Ray

If I made it through today,
I'll know tomorrow not to put my feelings on display
I'll put the cobwebs back in place
I've never been too good with names,
but I remember the faces

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